

**Sincerity Submission**

Surrounded by disciples  
of humorless toll booth operators,  
a paw in courage  
was extended to me  
in the form of  
a Caribbean timeshare seminar  
on Classical Emotion.

Unbelieving when I claim  
an inherent longing  
to be part of  
a soft drink test market

is as meaningful  
as an English landscape  
worked over  
by a yoke in oxbow decor.

Unbelieving when I say  
I am the inventor of this  
water in a bottle  
after you witness me  
draw it from the sink.

In the footnotes  
of my formal address  
of thanks & decline,

I draft an article  
on the acceptance of being misplaced  
like a set of false teeth  
whose occasional use  
is pivotal to the evening's activities.

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This is how we chemists  
name new feelings  
for the unbridled years of product placement.

This is how we mongrels  
bare our teeth  
before euthanization.

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**Circa 1962**

A consensus appeared in the mail today  
disguised as a birthday card, playing upon  
the notes of my nepotism like a baby grand,  
and asking for my appraisal in assistance

to declare the Greatest American Year,  
which upon a committee's conclusion  
would help to build the foundation  
of the planned reenactment camp -

(a slight stipulation presented itself  
in Article One, line Forty Two,  
that regarded applicants must be born  
before the year nineteen fifty four,

apparently when modern history began.)

This no doubt arrived at an awkward time.  
The failed experiment to revive  
a chief Virginian trading post representing the best of 1877

had only last month been tarred and feathered

after foolishly assuming the premise  
the South was "over it,"

and I had only recently bought a condo  
with an intimate view of windows  
adjacent to the slums of young professionals,  
I had worked hard to accept into my life.

But as if underwater, I filled out the forms  
recalling dirty limericks of past patriots  
and nostalgia for the discontinued food items  
of my childhood era.

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Weeks past unreminded  
until a postcard arrived with the announcement,  
"1962 - why don't you stay a while?"  
accompanied with a silhouetted portrait

of a public lake.

I imagined the pioneering community was still small  
and the town itself was built in Canada,  
but I booked some vacation time in April

before I'd have to be back  
to sweep the cicadas from the driveway.

Upon arriving at the registrar  
at the Sunset Lodge and Tap,  
I found the receptionist crouched under her desk  
like a forlorn ostrich, spouting -

"Welcome back friend. This is how its done."

- Brian Foley